

# Canibus Lyrics

"Matte BLK Rapana"  
(feat. Bronze Nazareth)

*[Canibus:]*

Cobra cabana, cut your tongue off with katana  
The war monger wearin' Bodhidharma body armor  
Son of Ravana, Ashwathama Mahabharat  
Parama Brahman, supreme rasta  
Practice extreme Prajna, samsara this is nirvana  
Buddhavacana from Tathāgatagarbha  
My four fathers conscious like Dhyāna  
You don't even understand what I'm sayin', be honest  
Lightning bolt Vajrayana, thunderbolt Obama  
With B.A. Baracus a black tomahawk chopper  
Mr. T doin' the Cha Cha dressed like Zulu Shakas  
Eatin' green eggs, hasa and salsa  
You know you wearing bootleg when the logo is too big  
When the tag says, "Made in Manolo Jesus Crib"  
Matte black AR, ACOGS and K Bars  
You make duck sauce outta Gog and Magog  
The airborne flippers with meteorite zippers  
Tell the skipper to use helio light dimmers  
You know you ain't in the right business, you like to spit I like to listen  
We like hyenas babysittin' some kittens  
I swoop down like a winged Griffin and pinch 'em  
Leave his limbs missin', dirty ass feet like city pigeons

*[Bronze Nazareth:]*

Yeah, I promise piranhas, minor marijuana farmer  
A white widow spider lighter, plantain clips for llamas  
Atomic, Verlander slider shell providers  
Catch comets cigarillos spell cumulus climber  
Spit shiner, uterus finder, secluded survivor  
Diva scuba diver combined with urban MacGyver rhymers  
Matte black clouds on top of my family opera  
My mood is chupacabra sprinkled with ocean liners  
In St. Lucian waters, screws loosen hardest armor  
The constant garden mixed with George Carver, Pearl Harbors  
Swirl diamonds in my verse, train of thought robbers  
Chisel chopper chapters, Montego Bay climates  
Visible monuments inside the sound, acknowledge it  
Kevlaar halos when I ride we gon' poli kid  
Meanwhile demolishing, disembowelment  
Slit ya collagen hologram, disappear like Hollow Man  
Sharpen pen, drill darts through his cardigan  
Autograph a camel toe, marvellous artisan  
Casual till the cannon blow, harvest my sonogram  
There'll never be another like me, he probably REM  
You hate to admit you feelin' it like a phantom limb

No plaques but I planted platinum whims  
Jesus feet not one of the kings? Sacrilege